



VOL. XXIII. No. 2.

TWENTY-THIRD
YEAR

GLOUCESTER, MASS. JULY 19, 1919

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BASS ROCKS AND EASTERN POINT.

IT is with much regret that the summer residents, and others as well, note the passing of the Gloucester Yacht Club. The neat little boats with their white sails, bowling along under the Point or across the Bay, and outside the breakwater to the Whistler and return made a pleasing marine panorama for the cottage colony along the shore.

No finer expanse of water can be found for courses than Gloucester Bay. Love for the sea is the birthright and inheritance of New Englanders, and it would be

MAGNOLIA.

The recent death of Mr. John B. Morgan of Philadelphia and Magnolia was a shock to his many friends along the shore, where he has been a summer resident for the past ten seasons. Mrs. Morgan is the daughter of Mrs. S. Fisher Corlies of Att-Lea House and will spend a portion of the summer with her. Another daughter, Miss Margaret Corlies, makes her home with her mother.

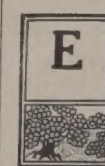
Mr. R. Whitney Rhodes of Brookline spent the week-end with his family at Hotel Oceanside. Mrs. Rhodes and daughters, the Misses Helen and Priscilla Rhodes, arrived late in June for the season.

Mr. Dennis B. Hussey of St. Louis ar-

THE ROCKPORT SHORE.

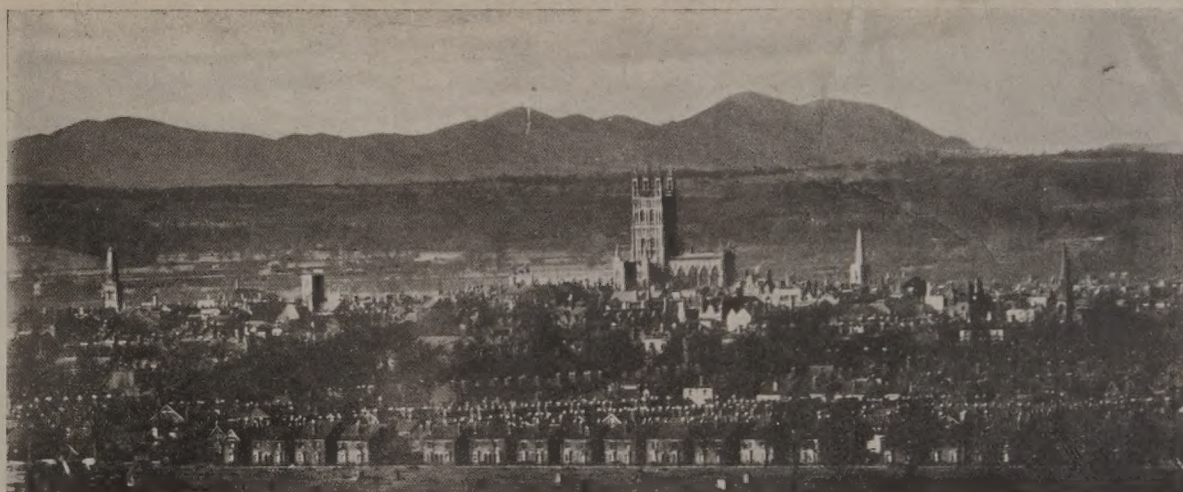
The two battleships, Delaware and North Dakota, lying placidly on the broad expanse of Sandy Bay, have proved a magnet, which has drawn thousands to the town, especially during the visiting days of Saturday and Sunday. Nowhere else does the fleet or a part of it have such drawing power as here at Rockport. At other ports the ships attract attention, but at Rockport their coming inspires a genuine enthusiasm which pervades, seemingly, the entire County. This interest reflects the pride and confidence the people have in the Navy and is an outward and visible evidence of the respect which these defenders of the national integrity engender. In these parlous days the

ANNISQUAM.



ENTHUSIASM for yachting runs high here. The races of Saturday and Sunday were sailed under conditions to excite the liveliest interest in the sport and the contests have been watched from the shore by a large gallery. The uncertainty of the sport caused by the varying conditions of wind and tide give a zest and flavor to the sport conducive to the highest enjoyment.

Among those who participated in the theatricals at the Playhouse-on-the-Moors this week was Hyatt Mayor, who gave a very fine representation of a blind Chinese youth.



GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND—THE MOST INLAND PORT OF GREAT BRITAIN

"ADOPTED" GLOUCESTER, MASS. AND GAVE FREEDOM OF CITY TO ITS OVERSEAS SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

a pity indeed if yachting hereabouts is to be permanently shelved. It is hoped that there is sufficient of the marine and sporting spirit in the summer colony to revive the club or form another organization.

"The Downs" is occupied by its owner, Henry W. Elliot, and family of St. Louis. The John B. Drake's of Chicago are established for the season at their summer house, Grapevine Cove.

Mrs. Walter L. Dean and daughters are at their East Gloucester summer house, East Main street.

"Windover," one of the most picturesque cottages along the Shore, is occupied by its owner, Miss Anne Aspinwall Curtis. Miss Cecilia Beau of New York, the artist, whose cottage is at Eastern Point, was among the early season arrivals.

Com. and Mrs. John Greenough of New York were welcomed back from New York to their residence on Eastern Point road. No one has done more to promote yachting on Cape Ann than Com. Greenough, who views with much regret the passing of the Gloucester Yacht Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Bennett of Brookline have returned to their cottage in Grapevine road, formerly occupied by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward.

(Continued on Page Four)

rived at Hotel Oceanside the past week, where he was joined by Mrs. Hussey and sons, Nolan and Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hayes of East Orange, N. J., who, with their small daughter, have been the guests of Mrs. Hayes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Smith, at their cottage on Lexington avenue, returned home by motor the latter part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Closson have as their house guest Mrs. Closson's sister, Miss T. A. Gallodet of Hartford.

Arrivals at Hotel Oceanside the past week include a number of old patrons, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Knowles of Worcester; Miss E. R. Christie and Miss B. Potter of Ossining, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hopewell, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hopewell, Master John Hopewell, of Newton; Mr. George Cahoon, Providence; Mrs. J. M. Bonnell, Miss Caroline Bonnell of Youngstown, O.; Mrs. H. Dana Stevens of Savannah; Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Pretsch, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Callahan, all of Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Hood, Miss Josephine Wilder, Lowell; Mr. and Mrs. William L. Doepeke, Cincinnati; Miss Caroline W. Fuller, Boston; Mrs. H. Wilbert Spence, H. Wilbert Spence, Jr., Fran-

(Continued on Page Six)

people do not lose sight of the fact that there may yet be occasion for the good offices of these mighty agencies to preserve international peace and the real freedom of the seas.

The two ships go out each day for the various evolutions and return each night. The searchlight displays and the precautions against a torpedo attack in the bay all excite a high degree of interest. The officers and men are being finely entertained. The Country Club at Land's End has been thrown open to the officers, while the townspeople have seen to it in ample measure that the enlisted men are most adequately taken care of. The writer, from actual observation, can say that there is no town on the North Atlantic seaboard where the open-handed spirit of hospitality is so extended to the enlisted men as at Rockport. It is a spirit that reflects the highest credit on its citizens.

John G. Moseley, his daughters, Mrs. Frances A. Pierce and Helen Graham Moseley, of Boston, opened "Felsenheim," their summer home, early this week. Mr. Moseley came with Mr. Dillaway and shares with him the honor of being one of the pioneers of the place.

C. Warren Dillaway and family of New-

(Continued on Page Four)

Lovers of trees view with much regret the cutting down of the fine groves of cathedral pines at the head of Goose Cove. They have been noted for their stately beauty and much admired. They constituted one of the wonder spots of this section and might have been saved if interested parties had moved in the right time. As it is the demand for lumber became too imperative to stay the woodman's axe.

Discussion is again under way concerning the improvement of the approach to Annisquam bridge from the Washington street side. This approach is a sharply declining, dangerous curve. It was slightly improved some years ago but still remains a source of danger.

Then again it is urged that the bridge itself must be demolished and give way to a more modern and aesthetic structure of concrete or iron. The picturesque old wooden structure will eventually have to go.

A tribute was paid to the memory of the late Ensign Eric A. Lingard by the Boy Scouts of Riverdale. The plane in which he attacked and drove off the Germans a year ago off Chatham was recently brought to this city as a memorial. Pending its final installation the Boy Scouts have removed it to a place of safety and are guarding it day and night.

The Cape Ann Shore

Devoted to the Interests of the
Summer Residents of Cape Ann

ISSUED WEEKLY DURING THE SUMMER SEASON

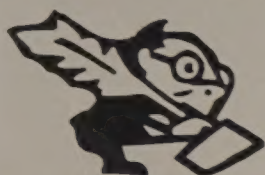
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NORTH SHORE PUBLISHING CO.
GLOUCESTER - MASSACHUSETTS

Subscription price, on Cape Ann, for season, 50
cents. Postpaid, outside Cape Ann, \$1.00 in advance.

For sale at all the summer hotels, at Shurtleff's
news stand, Main Street.

TO ADVERTISERS

THE CAPE ANN SHORE, now in its twenty-third consecutive season, is the only summer resort publication on Cape Ann. It reaches every section of the cape, and is the only means of communication of the kind between the merchants and the summer residents. Therefore its value as an advertising medium is self-evident. It contains each week a full and complete account of the social happenings of the summer resort section. It occupies a place by itself in the advertising field, reaching the most profitable customers along the North Shore. Advertisers should remember these facts.



THE CAPE ANN SHORE.

This publication is entering upon its 23rd season. It has become a fixture with many of the summer colony, among whom it has many friends and well wishers. The advertisers who use its columns are those who believe that the summer colony is an appreciable factor in the prosperity of the community. These should be given the precedence of your patronage. After an absence of two years in the Naval Reserve its conductor has returned and will give the paper his individual attention.

THE MANY-SIDED HAMMONDS.

Is genius hereditary? Some contend that it is, while others argue just as earnestly that it is not. One might debate long and learnedly on either side of the question—but this is not the time and place for such a disputation. The writer inclines to the affirmative.

We are moved to the above observations by the interesting activities of the various members of the House of Hammond. Everybody knows of the stirring career of John Hays Hammond, the young engineer, afterwards eminent in the scientific world, who became one of the pathblazers and co-workers with Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, the latter a shrewd judge of men.

Mrs. Hammond, in her field, is equally noteworthy. Always first in good works,

she has returned to Lookout Hill after a four years' campaign of unselfish toil and unremitting activity in those fields of beneficent enterprises which have fallen to the lot of women to initiate and forward. In recognition of her splendid service, the Italian Red Cross has, through its president and directors, conferred upon her its silver medal. Another special honor is the one from the Panama Pacific International Exposition, awarded for "distinguished services." Mrs. Hammond has made notable contributions to literature, among them being her history of the Transvaal affair in which her husband, with Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson and others, was engaged. It is the clearest and most instructive account of that dramatic event in world history that has been written.

John Hays Hammond, Jr., whose tireless activities and discoveries in his especial field of wireless control of boats and marine protective devices were utilized so effectively in the world's war, had the degree of Doctor of Science conferred upon him by his alma mater, Yale, at the recent commencement, a distinguished honor for so young a man. He maintains a staff of assistants at his laboratory and the world may well look to him for the latest thing in wizardry.

Harris, another of the sons, although little in the limelight, has made a name for himself in Wall street, and bids fair to sit in at the council table of the big financiers and become a man to be reckoned with.

Richard, the young son, who did his bit in the late war as an ensign in the navy, has a predilection for music. Although yet in his teens, he is the author of many compositions which are spoken of highly by well known musical critics. He bids fair to attain as high a rank in music as his brothers in business and science. He is a Sophomore at Yale.

Even the baby of the House of Hammond, the little daughter, Natalie, is keeping pace with her brothers and displays a marked ability in writing. She has written a number of short stories which have excited no little admiration and interest from their plot and construction as well as facility of expression. We take great pleasure in printing (on page 11) a tip-top story by this little authoress.



FROM ONE FLIER ABOUT ANOTHER.

A letter to Ensign Lingard's sister, written by Lieutenant "Phil" Pratt of the U. S. Naval Air Corps.

Lieutenant Pratt was in the Flying School in Pensacola with Ensign Eric Lingard, and was noted there for his daredevil escapades in the air.

Dear Miss Lingard:—

I am glad indeed and deeply touched that you should give me the pleasure of recounting to you any detail in the life of a man whom I loved and admired as I did Eric. It has been my good but most undeserving luck to have many good friends, men who were real friends, but of

all, there is a niche in my heart that is particularly and peculiarly Eric's, because there was not another like him.

On the surface he seemed hard to approach, quiet, dignified and possessed of a resolute purpose that no adversity or hardship could shake. He was a man I wanted for a friend, but hesitated at first to approach, lest in some way we might find something uncongenial, and I would, as I thought then, have rather studied him at a distance than only be let into a mere acquaintance with him. That was due more to misgivings regarding myself than anything else. I tried hard to classify him with various "types" of men I knew, but each effort failed. Then we became "friends in barracks" (and that is the supreme test of a man) and I grew to know him for an ideal flyer, a splendid officer, a charming companion, and a loyal friend.

From that time on, we shared the slings and arrows of the outrageous period of flight training, flew together, filled ourselves with ground deliriums and the grease and oil of Curtis motors and listened to the "crabs" malign the system of turning out officers for the Navy Flying Corps. It was a tough course, filled with setbacks, but through it all, I never heard him utter a single word that could be termed "rhino," which is the navy term for conscientious objecting, and every evening would find him smiling behind his usual enormous cigar, waiting for Larry Cate and me. Nothing tired or discouraged him. He was one of the foundations upon which we built the spirit of a Detachment which ultimately made history that is known only in the records of the Navy department.

When I was commissioned and left Pensacola with orders for Chatham, Eric gave me the Naval Aviation pin he had gotten for himself. I am wearing it now—have never had another, and never will.

I reached Washington, and was transferred to Commander Whiting's squadron. It was not until after I was at the hospital—after a nine months' siege—that I learned of his death. I wanted so much to write you and tell you how deeply I felt the loss—not only to myself but also to the service. But I had no idea where I could reach you. After all this time, I can only say that he will be missed as much years from now—as he is today.

One event in my life, which Eric shared, will never fade from my memory. I was piloting an R-6 seaplane fitted with two dummy bombs which were supposed to be dropped on a target on Santa Rosa Island. This was part of our bombing course and I had taken Eric along as passenger, not only because we liked to fly together, but also because I knew, and he knew, that my bombing score would be better if he acted as observer and released the toggles over the target. This was not strictly according to Hoyle, but it was a practice followed by everyone.

When we got over the target spot, I noticed that the plane was not climbing, but had commenced to settle towards the stand despite the fact that my tachometer registered 1350 revolutions, which were sufficient to give us adequate speed for the greatest possible climbing angle. Eric noticed the movement, and turned around in the front cock-pit with an amused questioning look, then pointed down towards the target 500 feet below. I shook the controls (the signal to drop the bombs) but he shook his head and signalled me to turn slightly to the right. I wanted to release the bombs, knowing that their weight was causing the plane to settle. This, however, did not disturb Eric, so when I saw he was intent solely upon our making direct hits, regardless of a crash, I made a turn, a steep bank, and straightened out directly over the target. He then released the bombs which landed almost in the center of the designated space—which, had it been a sub and the bombs live ones, would have put an end to everything below.

We were then so low that it seemed impossible to make the water, and a forced landing on the sand was imminent. Instead of being disturbed over this fact, Eric merely turned and made a mocking gesture as though he were receiving the acclaim of an admiring multitude. The expression on his face was so funny that I laughed in spite of myself. The motor died completely and after forcing the machine into a straight dive to within fifty feet of the beach I managed to straighten out and land with the wind (which was forbidden except in extreme cases) a few feet from the sand in just enough water to prevent the smashing of the plane. When we had

stopped and I was thanking my lucky stars that I had not damaged the plane, Eric climbed out of the cock-pit onto the wing, made a sweeping bow, waving his goggles in one hand and an unlighted cigar stump in the other, and said, "Ah! mon cher Phillippe, as bomb artists we have no peer." He knew all along how dangerously close we came to piling up on the beach. Yet he was like a boy at play and his cheering efforts had the effect of bringing me back to land the machine safely. And that was the way he went through everything.

I feel strangely out of place when I try to show, through any weak expression of mine, what a splendid chap Eric was. I can only say that I am proud to have had his friendship, and to have been a member of the same unit which his magnificent efforts helped so greatly towards moulding into success. It was due to men of his stamp that naval aviation will remain permanently a part of our history in the war. And through our regret in losing him, we find our sorrow overshadowed by the pride we feel in his last great gift to the nation and our corps, and the comforting realization that he set an example of honor to men that no word but "superb" can express.

It is very disappointing to me to realize that I cannot give you a better history of Eric but like the rest of us I feel that no word of mine could ever do him justice. But you must know that I share in your pride in him and realize what a splendid thing is the knowledge that you have given to the greatest cause of all, an American Gentleman.

Most sincerely yours,

PHILIP PRATT,

Naval Aviation Detachment,

Langley Fields, Va.

P. S. Inside this sheet is a poem of mine which was published last fall in the "Army and Navy Register." When I wrote it in the hospital, Eric was one of the foremost men in my mind.

A MEMORY.

Dedicated to the American Naval Aviators
Killed in Active Service.

I seem to hear your ringing laughter now
Echoing down that dreary barrack room
And still when night's deep silence finds us
mute
The faint for sound of songs floats through
the gloom.

Old pals of mine, you shared your lots
alike;
Each carried on to help the other ply
His daily tasks. All through the weary
hours
Your cheery smiles of youth kept spirits
high.

How oft at night I out and watched the
stars
When throbbing planes were stilled and
hangars dim,
And dreamed of deeds we all might know
and do
When you and I had circled war's great
rim.

Now all is over—all your songs are hushed,
And yet they fill this moonlight paradise,
To lend a touch of sweetness to the night
Whose glory crowns your splendid sacrifice.

Philip Pratt.



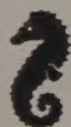
ADMIRAL MARIX DEAD.

Rear Admiral Adolph Marix, U. S. N., retired, died suddenly at the Hawthorne Inn Friday afternoon. The Admiral was on the piazza of the hotel when stricken and expired shortly after being taken to his room. Shortly after lunch, while walking on the piazza, he fell.

Bellboys and others rushed to his assistance and he was taken to his room, breathing heavily and unable to speak. Apoplexy was the cause of death.

Admiral Marix had been making Gloucester his summer home for the last eight years, and arrived here three weeks ago. He was a great lover of Gloucester. His winter home was at the Hotel Iroquois, New York.

Rear Admiral Marix was born in Dresden, Saxony, Germany, May 10, 1848, having been the son of Henry and Frederica (Meyer) M. Marix.



If you wish to know what message

This space will have in store

Just look in next week's number

Of Ye Goode Old Cape Ann Shore

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SQUAM YACHTING.

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ing Contests.—Sudden Reversals
Near Finish Line.

A brisk, fluky, westerly breeze made
fine conditions for yachting at Annisquam
Saturday afternoon. Outside in Ipswich
Bay, the choppy sea was flecked with
whitecaps. One boat, the Princess, was
dismasted, and the Cootie capsized as a
result of a mixup with the Curlew.

The 15-footers got away first, with the
Princess in the lead, which she maintained
on the run to the northeast mark in the
bay. On the windward mark across the
Princess carried away her mainmast, and
was put out of the running.

The Hurrah got to the Essex mark first
and turned ahead, with the Nisan just
astern. She held the lead up the river
until within 100 yards of the finish line.

Commander Wiggin took to the middle
of the river to avoid the tide, while the
Nisan hugged the western bank, getting
a puff of wind at the very finish which
nosed her over the line a winner.

There was confusion at the start in the
Bird Class, but the Osprey got away to
the good, with Auk and Tern following.
The course was down the river to Plum
Cove and return, a run and reach with
the wind ahead coming home.

While going down the river near the
lighthouse the mixup occurred between
the Curlew and Cootie, resulting in the
overturn of the latter. No one was hurt.
John Norton, in the Archie, went to the
assistance of the two and did not resume
after the rescue work. Miss Pauline
Smith won a well-sailed race, Copycat be-
ing the closest contender. The summary:

Name and owner	El time
Nisan, D. H. Woodbury	1:14:00
Hurrah, H. H. Wiggin	1:14:10
Tabasco Jr., Morrill Wiggin	1:17:10
Princess, J. P. Prince	disabled

Bird Class.

Osprey, S. Andrew	1:02:15
Tern, Linzee Hooper	1:02:40
Auk, R. Russell Smith	1:09:15
Mavis, Don Simson	1:15:12
Cootie, Lincoln Houghton	capsized
Archeopteric, John Norton	withdrew
Curlew, Malcolm Steere	withdrew
Baby Duck, Thomas Shepard	withdrew

Catboats.

Meow II, Pauline Smith	0:58:35
Copycat, Wesley Pear	0:59:15
Seat, Winsor Gale	0:59:30
Catalena, Tift	0:59:55
Cutting, Miss E. Borden	1:01:05
Catenary, C. L. Norton, Jr.	1:01:40
Catnip, Don Jelly	1:03:05
Catspaw, Gertrude Wiggin	1:03:55
Ketchup, Fred Hawkins	1:04:20

Two races were sailed at Annisquam
Sunday, the morning contest being on the
regular schedule and the afternoon race
a postponed event from July 4.

Two classes sailed in the morning, the
Bird and Cats. In the former the fight
was between the Squaw and the Osprey,
with the Squaw leading all the way, but
losing out in the tricky home-stretch up
the river where the factors of wind and
tide are uncertain.

The Squaw had a good lead to within
100 feet of the line, when a strong slant
of wind caught the Osprey and carried
her across a winner. In the Cats the Seat
won handily. The summary:

Bird Class.

Name and owner	El time
Osprey, S. Andrew	1:52:30
Squaw, Harry Friend	1:52:32
Mavis, Don Simson	1:54:07
Auk, R. Russell Smith	1:57:47
Archeopteric, John Norton	1:58:54
Tern, Linzee Hooper	1:58:56
Baby Duck, Thomas Shepherd	2:24:44

Catboats.

Seat, Winsor Gale	2:21:57
Copycat, Wesley Pear	2:25:07
Catnip, Don Jelly	2:25:29
Catalena, Mr. Tift	2:27:15
Catenary, E. L. Norton, Jr.	2:28:45

A west southwest breeze prevailed at
the postponed race of the Cat class in the
afternoon. The Copycat was ahead at the
turn. Then the Catnip took the lead and
held it until near the finish, when she ran
into a calm spot. The runners-up benefitted
by a puff of wind and ran across the
finish line with Ketchup leading. The
summary:

Cat Class.

Ketchup, Fred Hawkins	1:13:25
Catspaw, Gertrude Wiggin	1:13:40
Copycat, Wesley Pear	1:14:22
Catnip, Don Jelly	1:14:45
Seat, Winsor Gale	1:14:50
Catling, Miss Borden	1:16:03
Catenary, E. L. Norton, Jr.	1:19:02

A HISTORY OF GLOUCESTER

From the coming of the Norsemen to 1892

ILLUSTRATED

By JAMES R. PRINGLE

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LONG BEACH.

This is the record season for Long
beach. Every cottage taken early in the
season; rooming accommodations filled to
overflowing, with many unable to obtain
cottages.

Edwin G. Adams and family of Medford
make their summer home in "Bide-a-wee"
cottage near the Gloucester line.

Mrs. Adelaide M. Bartlett and nephew,
Ralph N. Wheeler, are occupying her Long
beach cottage, "Hiawatha," for the sea-
son.

Twin Lights cottage is occupied this
season by H. J. Fisher and family of Mal-
den.

Harold Johnson and family of Woburn
are domiciled at the Sunrise cottage.

Neptune cottage is occupied by V. L.
Heath and family of Worcester.

J. H. Peacock and family of Dorchester
are occupying "Kumagen" cottage.

Rufus B. Harrison and family of East
Gloucester are in the Whipporwill for the
season.

Walguyter cottage is again occupied by
A. B. Laurie and family of Somerville.

John H. Simcock and family of Newton
Center are occupying Surf cottage.

Grand View cottage is occupied by E.
B. Roberts and family of Brockton.

W. E. P. Rogers and family of Gloucester
are occupying "Laughing Water" cot-
tage, their annual summer home.

Mrs. George Steele and sons are occupy-
ing "Ripple" cottage for the summer.

Clifford H. Terry of East Gloucester and
family and Edward B. Hoyt and family
are again occupying "Outlook" cottage.

John P. Hale and family of Gloucester
are occupying Bellevue cottage.

H. T. Hugard and family of Salem are
again established in "Holmlea" cottage.

Mrs. W. R. Bolton and family of Ca-
bridge are occupying their cottage at the
eastern end of the beach.

Villa Marie is again occupied by its
owner, John T. Callahan and family of
Dorchester, who are here for their nine-
teenth season.

The Frank E. Davis Club of Gloucester
have the Marr cottage.

Joseph Kerr and family of Salem have
the Arthur Steele cottage for the season.
Mr. Kerr is the proprietor of the National
House Furnishing Co. of Gloucester and
has a furniture establishment in Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Murphy of Roxbury
are in their cottage for the summer.

William E. Tomlinson and family of
West Newton are occupying their cottage
near Cape Hedge.

Mrs. Louis A. Miller and family of Cam-
bridge are again occupying Wilster cot-
tage.

"By-the-Sea" cottage is again occupied
by its owner, Mrs. James Cogan of Stone-
ham, this being her fifteenth season.

Edward J. Como and family of Gloucester
are occupying the Umatella cottage.

E. R. Davis and family have the brown
Como cottage for the season.

George L. Huckins and family of Mel-
rose Highlands are occupying their cot-
tage.

Everett A. Flye and family of Gloucester
are again established in their summer
home, "The Dolphin," for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lincoln of
Waltham are occupying their cottage here.
Mr. Lincoln is of the Boston Post staff.

John Lyons and family of Dorchester
are again occupying The Breakers.

The family of J. William Darcy of Gloucester
are occupying their bungalow.

Norman A. Jacobs and family of Boston
are occupying their cottage, Tidal Wave.

Mrs. John Stark and family of Waltham
are again established in Thistle cottage,
which they have occupied for the past
ten years.

Ex-Mayor Frank E. Davis and family of
Gloucester are at the bungalow which has
been their summer home for thirteen years.

Priscilla cottage is again occupied by its
owners, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ferguson of
Gloucester, this being their sixteenth sea-
son at the beach.

Solomon Hockberger and son are occupy-
ing their cottage.

George M. Hannan and family of Ash-
mont are at their cottage.

Mrs. L. L. Whittier and family of
Brookline have one of the Jeffery cottages
for the season.

Mrs. Charles H. Ackers and family of
Cambridge are occupying "Sea Breeze"
cottage this season.

James Craig and family of Andover
have returned to their summer home,
Craig cottage.

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Gloucester, Mass., June 26, 1917.

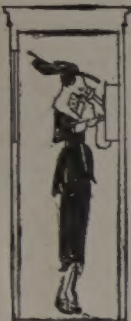
Notice to Property Owners and
Summer Cottagers

Property owners and those occupying cot-
tages in and around the City are earnestly
requested to use the greatest precaution in
the prevention of brush fires. Fire per-
mits may be obtained at the office of the
City Forester, City Hall, in compliance
with the State Law.

HARLAND H. DANN, City Forester.

E. A. Flye
GLOUCESTER
Optician.

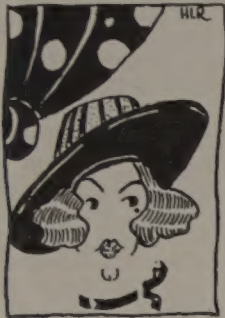
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TO MY LADY IN SEARCH OF THE EXCLUSIVE

Why spend time and money on railroads to Boston and New York when the choicest selection of both cities can be found by a 20 minute motor trip to the shops of

MAGNOLIA



MY LADY GOES SHOPPING.

Peggy says—"The nice thing about War Brides was that they did it so quickly.—Nobody could bother much with wedding presents and other side shows! But the Armistice Brides began to show signs of feminine weakness for the frills of life—and as for these Near-Peace Brides!—Ooo-la-la!

Now, I love wedding presents, and frills and fruffles—and I told Peggy not to talk that way, or people would think she was sorry the war was over. Why, they might even take her for a German Spy!

You see, Peggy has just come on from Detroit—and the North Shore does not know that she was one of the four American girls who got into the Italian Ambulance Service, and were in, or rather "under" the thick of the fight on the Piave for a week while they hid in the underground passages of an old Roman temple and lived on goats' milk and honey in a secret garden and their families were cabling the King of Italy to please send them home.

But the King of Italy did not get around to it, and now Peggy's chum is going to marry the Italian Aviator who rescued them from a swarm of bees. The bees had invaded their secret garden after the Boche had retreated, and were busily buzzing the girls out of the old ruined temple into the newly ruined countryside, when the Aviator came along and smoked, the bees, I mean, and Peggy was in a stew because it's her best friend and she thought she'd have to run down to New York in all the bad weather and everything to get just the right wedding present!

"But you don't have to go to New York to buy a wedding present," I told her. "You can get anything—worthy even of your best friend—right here in Magnolia." "Magnolia! What's that?" asked Peggy.

"Well," I responded languidly, "It's only the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue combined—with a touch of Bond Street to steady the mixture. Come along and I'll show you." So we hopped into Peggy's khaki-colored Sedan and in seventeen minutes we were at the Arcade.

"Dio Mio!" said Peggy, "All the shops I have ever heard of have come to town! Dio Mio!"

Peggy claims that if one's best friend is engaged to an Italian officer the least one can do is to cultivate the language so as to help her to feel at home in it. So Peggy has begun with "Dio Mio," which, I suppose, in the lingo of the macaroni, means "Dear me!"

"Oh, here's Dreicer! Let's look in here first."

As we opened the door of that famous firm, it was just like stepping into an exquisitely woven basket. Peggy says it should be called "La Corbeille de Dreicer."

Thick basket weave matting on the floor, a graceful basket pedestal center-piece with a touch of color in the plant which flowers at its top and a discreet color note in the soft silk curtains! All this basketry gives the place a refreshing air. Quiet, cool and aloof.

If you want to know how it feels to be inside of a basket de luxe, spacious and airy, silk lined and with rare gems sparkling in the corners—just take your cheque-book in hand and visit the courteous house of Dreicer.

While Peggy was giving her name and address for an adorable enamel-headed

cane she was buying for her brother Jim, who had just come home from France, and is going into mufti, she looked out of the window and spied Ovingtons across the way.

"Why, there's a place over there the double twin of one of my pet shops in New York! Isn't that just like the real thing?" Peggy knows her New York, even if she does hail from the city Ford invented.

"It is the real thing—Ovingtons—the sister shop—an exact replica of their New York house," I assured her. "Let's go over there. I am having a Soothing Afternoon of Bridge for my Exhausted-But-Willing-War-Workers' Club next Wednesday—and Ovingtons is just the shop for something 'chic' in the line of bridge prizes—something worth winning. My attic is full of stuffy bric-a-brac for which I have played good bridge, and I'm determined that at my party we'll have some prizes that will make the winners glad they came!"

"Right-o," said Peggy as we entered Ovingtons. "If you get your prizes here, I'll be among those present at that party of yours, even tho' my usual idea of bridge is that it's a good indoor sport on a desert island."

We got three ducks of prizes. It was hard to choose from that bewildering display—but Mr. Parker, the manager, was ready with his helpful suggestions. I got, for the first prize, a dear little guest-room set, a tray, a pitcher and a tumbler of soft opaque blue. For second prize, I found a darling pink "hot and cold set," which was quite unlike anything I have ever seen in the Thermos line. There's a little Thermos jug and a tumbler of pink enamel with a plate to match—all for \$10. Peggy was wild about it and wanted to buy a set for her room which is being fitted up for her at the Moorland, but I begged her to wait a while, because I wanted my prizes to burst upon Bass Rocks as something new and apart.

Peggy was dear about it—and was quite consoled when Mr. Parker showed her a novelty he had just received—a Venetian beaded necklace. This is the very latest squeak. It's a sort of Mosaic affair like the quaint beaded bags they're wearing this year—all odd shades and patterns. Peggy paid \$8.00 for the necklace and then she got a beaded girdle to match and I think she paid \$15.00 for that. She put them right on, and they certainly gave a smart finish to her white blouse and skirt. She looked too sweet for words—And the best part of it is that she can wear them with any colored frock!

A rainbow of glass! Soft shaded opaque glass! Lustrous shimmering glass, and crisp iridescent crystal! Like ice-coated pinetrees on a sunny winter morning, when the rain drops have frozen into a million sparkles! That's my opinion of Ovingtons.

"But," said Peggy, as we finally tore ourselves away from the rainbow shop, "there's that wedding present! I forgot all about it—and I've set my heart on something in silver! I want something rare and precious, something different, something they'll treasure all their lives, something they'll always remember me by, something—"

"See here—dearest heartest—if you'll only stop naming it, you can have it! For right next door is the treasure-house up-to-date." And gently I took Peggy by the hand and led her to the house of Schmidt & Sons, Inc.

"Dio Mio—I didn't know there was so much silver outside of India," said Peggy, who likes to be au courant, and had read in the morning paper something about India grabbing all the silver away from Wall street and hiding it under the Ganges River.

And Peggy was thrilled! The interior of Schmidt & Sons is an amazing blaze of silver, highly polished modern silver, dull, subdued old Sheffield plate, and rare old Dutch silver! Schmidt & Sons seem to have moved over from Holland en masse. There are bottles and boxes and spoons

with windmills. There are tobacco chests, cups and pitchers with Dutch girls and—

"Well, here's where I get my wedding present," cried Peggy with a joyous squeal. "I wish all my friends were going to get married!" and then the fun began.

Mr. Schmidt seemed to know just what would please Peggy's taste, and after a happy half-hour of wanting to buy everything in the shop, she finally decided on a wonderful Sheffield tray, old English, the real thing, with a heavenly rose border. It is about thirty inches long and will be effective as a tea tray, serving tray—or decoration with Killarney roses floating about in water. And Peggy is having the Italian officer's crest blazoned in the center.

It's a gift no one could sneeze at, and even in the old family-palace of her future husband, the bride can not find anything of its type more distinctive.

With so much of the beautiful around me I lost my head a little and just couldn't help investing in three of the duckiest little Dutch vanity boxes which came straight from Rotterdam and have just been unpacked!

I felt a bit guilty because, of course, I didn't need them but just could not resist getting them, and I was beginning to wonder what Jack would say, when Mr. Schmidt saved the day by suggesting that I could have the boxes reserved for me until Christmas time. This solved the problem, and I ordered two more and feel I have put in a good day's work by getting a difficult part of my Christmas shopping done, so far ahead of time.

All the way home, Peggy seemed in a trance and when I asked her why, she sighed and murmured

"I don't want to be waked up. I feel as if I were still in a shimmering dream where everything is silver—A dream—"

"Of ships and shoes and sealing wax

Of cabbages and kings—"

Of Dutch silver. And did you see the full rigged silver ship?"

"I did," said I. "It was a three masted schooner of the type that Columbus discovered New York with."

"I'll never forget that silver ship," whispered Peggy, as we stopped at the Hawthorne Inn.

Just then a boy came out, "Cablegram for you, Miss."

Peggy tore it open. "It's an urgent request—Won't I please be bride's maid." "Well, there's one thing about it," she said, turning to me, "I don't have to worry about clothes—I can get them all at Magnolia."

Will you go shopping with me again soon?

ANNETTE SHORE.

(Copyrighted by the Cape Ann Shore.)



THE TAVERN.

The Tavern, opened three years ago under the management of the proprietor, W. Harry Smith, is doing a record business. This artistic hostelry on the site of the burned Surfside, overlooking Gloucester Bay, has earned a fine reputation for itself, especially as a dining place for automobilists.

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THE NORTH SHORE THEATRE.

Only the finest productions of the best studios of the country are shown. The result is a large and growing patronage from the summer resort section, and theatre parties from the summer colony are quite the thing. On Monday and Tuesday first run photo plays; Wednesday and Thursday, entire change of program, first run plays de luxe; Friday and Saturday, entire change, special program for women and children. On these dates there will positively be no vampire plays shown, and this statement may be absolutely relied on. On Sunday there will be a grand Sunday concert, double feature bill.

MRS. WIGHTMAN WINS MATCH PAIRED WITH REGGIO.

Mrs. Wightman, National women's tennis champion, and Reggio of the Longwood Club, defeated Miss Bancroft of the Longwood Club and H. C. Johnson, State champion, at the Bass Rocks Club Sunday in mixed doubles. There was a large gallery.

The first set was won by Miss Bancroft and Johnson, 6-2; the second and third went to Mrs. Wightman and Reggio, 7-5, 6-3.



MAGNOLIA

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond gave a dinner party to 14 to meet Lord and Lady Lindsay Wednesday evening at their residence at Lookout Hill. Lady Lindsay is the sister of Randolph Tucker, who married Mona House. They have been staying with the W. A. Tucker's of Manchester. Lord Lindsay comes from one of the greatest and most distinguished families in the United Kingdom.

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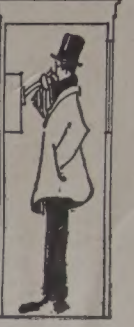
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Shop



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Why spend time and money on railroads to Boston and New York when the choicest selection of both cities can be found by a 20 minute motor trip to the shops of

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EAST GLOUCESTER

Arrivals at The Moorland, Bass Rocks: Mrs. Geo. A. Colston, Eleanor P. Colston, Baltimore; A. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Souther, Miss Pauline Souther, Boston; Mrs. Henry B. Welsh, Miss Helen Welsh, New York; Mrs. Mary G. Powning, Miss Dorothy Powning, Mr. Kimball Powning, Brookline; Mrs. A. H. Graham, Mrs. W. H. Flippen, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Dick Slaughter, New York; John Densmore, Brookline; Mrs. Edwin Schenk, Jr., Mary S. Schenk, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Ring, Miss Dorothy Ring, Mr. Dick Slaughter, New York; Dr. H. A. Souther, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Day, Ceba, Philippines; Mrs. John F. Carson, Indianapolis; Charles Edwards, Mrs. R. E. Edwards, Kinsley, Kans.; F. L. Worcester, Ann Arbor, Mich.; James S. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. M. Lewis Clarke, Washington; Mrs. C. H. Davidson, Cincinnati; the Misses Williamson, Philadelphia; Mrs. A. M. Cox, Mrs. L. H. Starking, Miss Helen Bissell, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McFeeley, Miss Suzanne McFeeley, Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hoffman, Dayton; H. B. Welsh, Jr., New York; Miss Helen H. Young, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Gillispie, Miss Mabel Gillispie, Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McClench, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Lewis, Philadelphia; Katherine McCabe, New York; Miss Prather, Louisville; Mrs. H. E. Worcester, Montclair, N. J.; Bishop J. G. Murray, Mrs. J. G. Murray, Miss Anna Murray, Miss Ruth Murray, Miss Sarah E. Fischer, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Strehleigh, Mrs. Geo. I. Seney, Miss Elizabeth Welsh, New York; Mrs. J. F. Bidwell, Mrs. R. P. Alden, Miss Beatrice Alden, Mrs. W. M. Swain, Springfield; Miss Katherine Richardson, Brookline; Mrs. S. L. Smith, Washington; Miss Jessie Gronnard, Reading; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hylan, Miss Leslie Hylan, Lowell; A. E. Barclay, Mrs. A. E. Barclay, Miss Barclay, Plainfield; Mrs. F. A. Lapham, Miss M. Lapham, Master R. S. Taylor, New York; Mrs. James Wilson, Miss Grace Wilson, Detroit; Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Foote, Omaha; Mrs. A. M. Sias, Mr. C. M. Sias, Mr. W. M. Sias, Boston; Mrs. M. F. Page, Miss Page, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Barrett, New York; Mrs. E. R. Newhouse, Miss MacLeod, Orange, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnston, Concord, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred K. Swindell, Rockville, Conn.; Miss Mary E. Potter, Miss Henrietta Dwight, Miss E. G. Fox, Boston; Miss Mary O. Gray, Miss Pettet, Miss Margaret Pettet, Louisville, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Derrick, Beverly; Miss Kate Steele, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Porter, Springfield; Mrs. E. L. Norton, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Mrs. Belvidere Brooks, New York; Mrs. J. Sidney Burnett, Robert Burnett, Chicago; Mrs. E. W. Eagon, St. Louis; Mrs. G. W. Archer, Mrs. H. C. White, Mrs. W. H. White, Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Grubb, Philadelphia; Mrs. Geo. Heard, Mrs. Frank Hamilton, Geo. H. Hamilton, Jr., Frank A. Hamilton, Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hodges, Detroit; C. C. Heard, Pittsburgh; Mrs. E. E. Moore, Miss Helen R. Moore, Miss Margaret McRae, New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. Baker Weaver, J. R. Wilson, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Crump, Master T. M. Crump, Jr., Miss Blanche Crump, Miss Sara Crump, Memphis; D. L. Swan, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Johnston, Miss E. H. Johnston, Summit, N. J.; Mrs. A. M. Findley, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Leland, Miss Hartnett, Mrs. Geo. A. Fleitz, Detroit; Mrs. J. McKinney, Miss Irene McKinney, Miss Jean McKinney, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Alfred E. Vose, Miss Constance Vose, Newtonville; Mrs. J. M. Davison, Mrs. W. H. H. Smith, Cincinnati; Mrs. H. H. O'Flynn, Miss Kathleen O'Flynn, Mr. Stanley Thompson, Toronto; Miss C. E. Stafford, Springfield; Mrs. W. S. Greene, Miss Ruth Greene, Lowell; Miss Kathryn Brooks, Philadelphia; Capt. W. S. Jones, Vicksburg; Mrs. H. A. Taylor, Miss Elizabeth Joseffie, Marshall Taylor, Harold

(Continued on Page Ten)

EASTERN POINT.

Maj. John W. Prentice and family of New York are at Briarwood, Eastern Point.

Seth K. Ames and family of Melrose are established for the season in their cottage on Boulder road.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Andrew of La Porte, Ind., are at "Red Roof," their Eastern Point summer house.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Knowles of Philadelphia have arrived for the season at Lowestoft.

The Jacob L. Loose family of Kansas City are occupying the fine residence erected for them near Grapevine Cove, several years ago.

Rev. William Beach Olmstead and family of Pomfret, Conn., are established for the season in their cottage, Eastern Point road.

John J. Pew is occupying his summer residence on Farrington avenue. Mr. Pew is one of the enthusiastic golfers of this section. With him are Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Parmenter.

The A. Wilder Pollard's of Boston came early to their Eastern Point cottage. The Pollards have, during their stay here, been prominently identified with the yachting game.

MANCHESTER.

Mrs. George Hall of Boston, widow of George Hall, for years manager of the Adams House, Boston, has leased a cottage near the School street entrance to the Essex County Club grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Haughton of Boston will summer at West Manchester at the bungalow on the Higginson estate. Mr. Haughton is Harvard's famous football coach, and an authority on matters athletic.

A herd of fancy cattle arrived by American Railway Express from Philadelphia last week and was taken to "Eagle Head," the estate leased by the George W. Elkins family of Philadelphia.

The Ward cottage on Old Neck road has been leased for the summer to Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Burnet Bradley, who are in Rome, where Lieut. Bradley is attached to the U. S. Embassy as naval attache.

Mrs. C. F. Wholley and household of New York are at High Rock, the pretty bungalow of Summer street near the railroad.

Singing Beach has been the most popular spot in town during the hot wave and crowds availed themselves of surf bathing.

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FINE WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY
CHRISTMAS GIFTS HELD FOR DECEMBER DELIVERY



SARGENT, THE ARTIST, INSPECTS THE SARGENT-MURRAY-GILMAN HOUSE.

Thursday, Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent of Harvard University, accompanied by John Singer Sargent of London, and his sister, motored down from Brookline and after luncheon with the Misses Loring at their Pride's Crossing home, came on to Gloucester to visit the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house on Middle street, where they were met by Mrs. Winthrop Sargent of Bass Rocks, who entertained them.

Prof. Sargent is the acknowledged authority on horticulture in this country and has been for years the Curator of the Arnold Arboretum at Brookline, one of the great show gardens in America. His own place, Holm Lea, at Brookline, is unusually beautiful.

John Singer Sargent of London is the greatest living portrait painter in the world today and he is in this country at the present time to place in position the mural paintings he has been at work on for years in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Both are direct descendants of Winthrop and Epes Sargent of this city, who in their day were the leading citizens of the old town and founders of the Independent Christian Society. The Sargent-Murray House on Middle street was built by Winthrop Sargent. They are both very much interested in the preservation of the old homestead as a memorial, and their visit to Gloucester was for the express purpose of seeing the house and the restoration work which is being done on it, and also to see to the furnishing of the Winthrop Sargent room in which the Sargent family are to place rare furniture, books, paintings and rugs.

John Singer Sargent brought with him a portrait of Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, done in black and white, which he has just finished, and which he has presented to the Home here for the Sargent room, so that Gloucester will possess in that house a portrait by the greatest living portrait painter of this generation of the greatest living authority on plants and flowers.

Prof. Sprague will place in the room rare editions of his own books, besides many rare etchings and pictures of the Sargent family. Winthrop Sargent of Bass Rocks is also intensely interested in the house and has bought to be placed there some exceedingly rare books, book plates, letters and pictures.

Within a week or two the Sargent picture will be on exhibition, together with a collection of some very rare pictures from the leading summer artists of Cape Ann and the opening day will be made memorable by a reception and tea, to which the summer residents of the North Shore will be invited.

The Judith Sargent Tea Room opened on Monday, July 7, and already is attracting a large number of patrons.

John Singer Sargent was very much impressed with the rare woodwork in the old house as well as in the beautiful Independent Church building with its perfect architectural spire and setting above the avenue of old elms. It was a great compliment to Gloucester that he should motor here, for he is so very busy with his work that he can spare little time even for recreation.

UP THE SHORE.

North Shore children are to give performances from "Chansons de France," with scenes from the illustrations of Boutch de Monvel, on Friday and Saturday afternoons, Aug. 1 and 2, at Horticultural Hall, Manchester, for the benefit of the memorial hospital at Rheims, France. Another affair which has recently taken place for the same cause was the mid-summer market on the grounds of Mrs. S. Burnham, 63 High street, Newburyport. Features of the market were a Humpty Dumpty grab, an old-fashioned shop, tea in the rose garden, and baskets, aprons, candies, preserves, pickles, etc., sold at the various tables.

Five tied for first in the qualifying round of the handicap challenge cup golf match at the Essex County Club Saturday. The eight best net scores: G. Dobine, 90—78; P. Gilbert, 81—78; O. W. Baker, Jr., 85—78; D. B. Hussey, 86—78; H. Snelling, 96—78; R. T. Gannett, 89—81; J. Merrill, 95—81; T. J. Frothingham, 89—81.

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SWEATERS FULL LINE OF BATHING SUITS

211 MAIN STREET

A. SOLOMON, Prop.

BRADFORD BLD.



THE BARNACLE.

Miss Nancy Flagg of The Barnacle was chosen as one of the board of councillors of the Essex County Equal Suffrage league, which held its meeting at the Berry tavern, Danvers, Wednesday. Some 4000 of the women of Essex County were represented. This is a deserved honor, as Miss Flagg has been one of the foremost pioneers in this cause, which has now reached its successful fruition.

The Barnacle tea house at Annisquam is proving more popular than ever this season. On Tuesday, Miss Felice Sienkiewicz of Warsaw, Poland, entertained Mrs. William Bradley and Mrs. Arthur Winslow. Friday, Mrs. John Rae Gilman of Winchester, Madame Gilman and Mr. and Mrs. Paton were guests at the Barnacle.

The name Sienkiewicz is known to us through Quo Vadis.

ALONG THE SHORE.

Many of the society folk at Pride's Crossing and Beverly Farms attended the garden fete at the summer estate of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Bernard, in aid of the Ipswich Hospital. Mrs. John A. Tuckerman of Hamilton was at the head of the general committee.

Many are enjoying the practice polo games at the Myopia polo field at Hamilton on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Miss Heloise Meyer of Lenox, recently a visitor at Rock Maple Farm, the summer home of Mrs. George von L. Meyer at Hamilton, has gone to the Cascapedia Region in Quebec for a fortnight of fishing. Mrs. Meyer will have with her for August and September her daughter, Mrs. Giuseppe Brambilla of Rome, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wood Blodgett entertained at dinner at "Avalon," Pride's Crossing, Friday evening, in honor of the members of the bridal party at the wedding Saturday of their daughter, Miss Katherine Cumnock Blodgett and Morris Hadley.

Mrs. Wolcott Howe Johnson of Commonwealth avenue, Boston, has opened her summer place at Wenham Lake for the remainder of the season.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Cabot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Lowell Cabot of Cambridge and Beverly Farms, and Major Ralph Bradley, will take place at the Cabot summer home at Beverly Farms, Saturday afternoon, August 16.

In the death of Miss Harriet M. Magee, who died at her home on Ober street, Beverly Cove, at the age of 63 years, the North Shore lost one of its best known and respected summer residents. The funeral was held Tuesday. She was born in Lawrence and for 25 years spent her summers in Beverly.

During the coming four Sundays Rev. Frederick Lauderbrim of the Berkeley Divinity School, Middleton, Conn., will conduct the services in Ascension Memorial Episcopal Church.

Miss Charlotte E. Parker, during the past two years engaged in United States Government work in France, is at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Robert B. Parker, High street.

Additional patronesses for Mrs. Hall McAllister's North Shore musicales are Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman, Mrs. Allen Curtis, Mrs. W. Scott Fitz, Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mrs. E. Preble Motley, Mrs. Dudley L. Pickman, Mrs. Henry F. Sears, Mrs. W. H. Coolidge, Mrs. Theodore Frothingham, Jr., Mrs. L. Carteret Fenno, Mrs. F. M. Whitehouse, Mrs. W. S. Lothrop, Mrs. Isaac R. Thomas, Mrs. G. B. Grinnell and Mrs. M. Graeme Haughton. The first musicale took place yesterday afternoon, the 18th, at 4 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Henry F. Sears at Beverly.

The marriage last Saturday of Miss Katherine Cumnock Blodgett of Pride's Crossing, daughter of Mrs. John W. Blodgett, to Maj. Morris Hadley, son of President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale University, was one of the leading social events of the early summer season on the North Shore. The groom saw service in the U. S. Army during the war. The bride and her mother make their home at "Avalon," at Pride's Crossing, one of the show estates of the shore.

Henry C. Frick of Eagle Rock, Pride's Crossing, has returned from New York.

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tinguishers, Lights, Hooks, Lines, Rowlocks, Etc.

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papers**THE SIGN OF THE CRANE**

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LONG BEACH.

C. A. Curtis and family are at the
Rogers cottage.Robert Stanton and family of Woburn
have the E. L. Ray cottage."The Moorings" this season is occupied
by Harry Bernstein and family of Glou-
cester.Newcomers to the beach this season are
John J. Tracey and family of Gloucester.
They are domiciled in the "Sea Shell."Lester A. Lucy and family of Green-
field are spending the summer in the
Charles Marr cottage.The Knoll cottage is taken this summer
by Bennett Glynn and family of Newton-
ville.W. B. Dawe and family of Salem have
San-de-bar cottage for the season.Edgecliffe cottage is the summer home
of Mrs. George Yaeger and family of Wor-
cester.William E. Kerr and family of Glouces-
ter are in Parker cottage for the season.N. A. Davis and family of Concord are
again in Bayberry cottage for the summer.The Avalon is this season occupied by
T. N. Shufelt and family of Medford.The Merrill cottage is occupied by B.
Bernstein and family of the city proper.John A. Johnson and family of Glou-
cester are again occupying the Gray cot-
tage.Mrs. Luella W. Ellis of Norwood is again
at the Chickatawbut and is entertaining a
large number of guests.Roland Smith is occupying the Fergu-
son cottage.L. B. Stone and family of Woburn have
The Sunset this season.The Seaside is this season occupied by
C. H. Jaquith and family of Woburn.ter are occupying the George G. Beals cot-
tage this season.Clear View cottage is occupied this
season by Arthur Davenport and Richard
Tutten and family of West Medford.Dr. W. P. Burns and family of Cam-
bridge have the Isaac Smith cottage for
the season.C. S. Patten and family of Melrose have
the Epes Parkhurst cottage.The family of Capt. Martin Welsh of
Gloucester are occupying Spray cottage.A. B. Clark and friends of Cambridge
are occupying Peace Haven cottage.The Middlesex association cottage is
taken this year by Isaac B. Webber and
family of Gloucester.Albert Cockroft and family of Lawrence
have the Frank Parsons cottage.W. D. May and family of Waltham have
the Walter Symonds cottage.The Ocean cottage this season is occu-
pied by R. E. Kneppfer and family of
Malden.Arthur G. Leonard and family of Chi-
cago are established at their Eastern Point
summer home. The younger members of
the family were numbered among the
yachting contingent of the Gloucester
Yacht Club.A Most
Attractive and
Interesting
Place
To Visit.93 Rogers St.
Gloucester,
Mass.**Summer Folks Along the North Shore**

FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY PLANT AT GLOUCESTER

You are within a short motoring distance of one of the most interesting places in this section
of the country.The plant of the Frank E. Davis Company, well known to thousands of families as
mail-order dealers in quality fish, is located at 93 Rogers Street, Gloucester, where
you may see the interesting phases of the fish business. Hundreds annually avail
themselves of this privilege. You are cordially invited to do the same.As you've read the advertisements of this concern in your favorite magazine, undoubtedly
you've said at one time or another, "Some day when I'm near there I'm going to see that Davis
Company." Here, then, is your opportunity. The latch string is always out.**FRANK E. DAVIS CO., 93 Rogers Street, Gloucester, Mass.**¶ If this copy of the *Cape Ann Shore* takes your fancy, if you
like the way it is gotten up, and if you consider that the hundreds
of people who see their names and the names of their friends here
will also be interested and will look for it week after week—¶ Don't you think it is worth while to place your advertisement
in such a position of advantage? Can you afford to miss the
market which is obviously waiting for your wares?¶ Just drop us a line and our representative will call on you
with fullest facts and figures, or

... TELEPHONE GLOUCESTER 412 ...



BASS ROCKS AND EASTERN POINT.

Mrs. R. C. Rathbone of New York is
again occupying "The Hacienda," her
summer home on Eastern Point road."The Ramparts," one of the show places
of this section, was opened early by its
owner, Mrs. S. A. Raymond of Cleveland.The William Sheafe's of Boston are at
their Eastern Point summer house.Henry D. Sleeper, who was awarded the
Legion of Honor for good work in the
ambulance corps in France, has opened
his summer home, "Beauport," for the
season.The Stephen W. Sleeper's of Boston
came early to their house on Eastern Point
road.The E. B. Chandler's of San Antonio,
Tex., arrived the past week at their Bass
Rocks house.W. Jay Little and family of Boston are
established for the season at their Eastern
Point residence.Lieut.-Col. A. Piatt Andrew opened his
house this spring shortly after his return
from four years' service in France. Wed-
nesday evening Mr. Andrew was elected
Commander of Post 3, American Legion,
World War Veterans, of Gloucester.

WINGAERSHEEK BEACH.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Hawks of De-
troit have returned to their artistic bungal-
ow for the season. With them are Mrs.
J. R. Hawks and baby from Albany and
Dan and Jim Waterman of Detroit. Mr.
Hawks is Federal manager of the Detroit
and Mackinaw railway.Mrs. Amanda C. Hawks of New York is
occupying a bungalow near the J. I.
Hawks cottage. Mrs. Hawks has with her
her daughter, Mrs. Carl Rehnberg, and
Carl Rehnberg, her son-in-law, and their
baby. The Carl Rehnberg's have spent
the last two years in China, where they
have had many exciting experiences.

ADJUDGED NOT GUILTY.

In the District court last week Mrs.
Malcolm Farmer of New Britain, Conn.,
a summer resident of Bass Rocks, was
found not guilty of manslaughter.She was operating an automobile on
lower Main street ten days ago when she
ran over a four-year-old child, Aldine Bap-
tiste, who died a short time afterwards.
The mother of Mrs. Farmer, Mrs. McKay,
and her two children, 10 and seven years
old, were in the machine when the affair
occurred.**SAMUEL BLOOMFIELD**

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KIKO

EAST GLOUCESTER.

(Continued from Page Eight)

Taylor, Youngstown, O.; Miss W. Sargent, Mrs. Sargent, Boston; Mrs. H. W. Rising, New York.

Arrivals at Merrill Hall: L. Haskell White, Boston; Mrs. C. H. Nicks, Upper Marlboro; Mrs. W. G. Richardson, Richard Richardson, Newton Centre; Mrs. Henry T. Bull, Miss Elizabeth Bull, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Newhall, Brookline; Mrs. George Metcalf, Providence; Mr. Henry K. Metcalf, Wellesley; Paul Killian, Pittsburgh; Miss Irene E. Parmalee, Springfield; Miss Nina L. Eggleston, New Haven; Miss E. M. Cartwright, Auburn-dale; Miss Elizabeth Waines, Melrose; David H. Montgomery, North Cambridge; Miss Anna Morgan, Miss Jene Lajus, Chicago; Mrs. John A. McArthur, Lynn; Mrs. C. Fitzsimmons, Miss S. M. Fitzsimmons, Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. A. G. Blaney, Melrose; Mrs. Arnold W. Sherman, Brooklyn; Mrs. M. M. Massey, Miss Anna G. Price, Forrest Hills Gardner, Miss Emily Hargrave, F. W. Woodell, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hull, Miss Katherine Hull, Chicago; Miss Rose D. Lovell, Swansea, Tenn.; Mrs. Tageborg Gade Frick, Cambridge; Miss Lilly H. Baker, Winchester, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Chester W. Lassell, Whitinsville; Mr. and Mrs. James Sibley Watson, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Ransom, Miss Carmenia Ransom, Miss Fuelling, Dedham; A. H. C. Chapman, New York City; Miss A. F. Shedlock, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. L. A. Elliott, Boston; A. Heath Onthank, Arlington; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Hodges, Greenwich, Conn.; Miss Martha P. Oliver, Englewood, N. J.; Mrs. A. B. Towers, Miss Marion Towers, Salem; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brown, Miss Brown, Norristown, Va.; Mr. Edwin C. Foss, Boston.

Arrivals at The Rockaway: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jones, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Schlegel, Akron, O.; Mr. Robert C. Johnson, Norwich; Wm. H. Cadwell and wife, Allen W. Caldwell, St. Paul; Mrs. James Hanna, Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Drew, Worcester; Miss Ella Martin, Miss Isabel Martin, Princeton, N. J.; Mr. N. H. Busey, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clelland, Springfield; Miss Dorothea E. Norris, Miss Mary E. Shirley, Worcester; Miss Mary E. Jarvis, Mrs. R. S. Patterson, Mrs. T. P. Farrell, Miss Theodora Farrell, Philadelphia; Miss Helen Walther, New York; Miss Alice Sinclair, Philadelphia; Mr. Donald Maynard, Worcester; Miss Marguerite C. Munn, Washington; Mrs. H. P. Smart and family, Mrs. Cheshire Nash and family, Miss Anderson, Savannah; Miss Katherine H. Dudley, Holliston; Mrs. Thomas A. West, Wellesley Hills; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kyburg, Springfield; Miss Jewel M. Pratt, Mrs. C. F. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hake, Cincinnati; Miss Louise M. Saunders, Miss Florence Saunders, Cambridge; Miss Mary G. Murray, Hingham; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hudson, Miss Helen Hudson, Winter Hill; Mrs. H. L. Olmstead, Miss Elsie M. Butler, Chattanooga; Mrs. Fannie Wilder, Jamaica Plain; Mrs. B. Guckenberger, West Roxbury; Miss Emma Mendenhall, Cincinnati.

Arrivals at The Hawthorne Inn: Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Baldwin, N. Y. City; Mrs. E. A. Botsford, Greenfield; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Russell, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Atherton, Washington; M. N. Regaul, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. M. Denison, the Misses Bosshor, Baltimore; Miss Dorothy Chester, N. Y. City; Mrs. R. Hannan, Misses E. Gertrude, Edith and Maybelle A. Hannan, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. F. Clark, Mrs. Frank M. Archer, W. R. Lawrence, Mrs. H. B. Miner, Brookline; Mrs. E. R. Pipping, Mrs. W. J. Robinson, Mr. H. O. Pipping, Mr. E. R. Pipping, Philadelphia; Mrs. Belle A. Bennett, Mrs. W. T. Innes, Miss Le Moyne, Mrs. E. R. Munyon, Miss E. C. Manley, N. Y. City; Mrs. George Fox, Miss Emily Fox, Philadelphia; Mrs. E. P. Mills, Bronxville; Miss N. E. Rumney, Philadelphia; Mrs. E. D. Shepard, N. Y. City; Paul Allen, J., Robt. F. John-

son, Anna L. Johnson, Emily A. Crandall, Cambridge; Mrs. John B. Smith, Miss Edith Smith, Berlin, Ct.; Miss Margaret D. Gibb, Miss Louise Gibb, Albany; Miss Katherine Wodell, Miss Louise Edgar, Millbrook; W. B. Lippard, Newton Center; F. T. Allen, Wellesley Hills; Bishop Hill, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Small, Brookline; Mrs. George F. Bosworth, Boston; Anna J. Lee, Brookline; Miss Polly Leeds, Miss Helen Leeds, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Brigham, Providence; Mrs. Nathaniel Brandon, Miss Shibley, Mr. L. Water, Miss E. Shield, New York City; J. D. Griffith, Kansas City; Mrs. Frank E. Haywood, Chester D. Haywood, Worcester; H. S. Howard, N. Y. City; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Small and child, Brookline; W. A. Floyd, Edward A. Mead, David Simpson, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard, New Orleans; Mrs. J. C. Thompson, Graham C. Thompson, Mrs. Henry A. Gabray, N. Y. City; Miss Caroline Tichnor, Miss Edith Tichnor, Boston.

The Siamese ambassador, Prabha Karawongsee, will this season make his headquarters at the Thorwald. Lady Karawongsee and little daughter are in Siam, where they have been for the past year. The senior attache is Luang Tiro, who has been in this country for the past eight years. The junior attaches are Neva Tabb Donavanik and Neva Chua. The secretary to the embassy, Mr. Edward Loftus, with Mrs. Loftus, again are occupying the Swinson cottage in Bass avenue. They are taking no active part in the social activities of the colony, as, in the case of most English people, the war has claimed several of the family. The British embassy at Washington, for instance, has not attended a social function in four years. Among the colony are a number of young Siamese students, who are spending the summer here. There are 34 of these young men attending various educational institutions in New England, selected from all classes, according to their adaptability. They go in mostly for tennis and a number may be seen engaged at the game on the municipal courts at Stage fort. The Siamese embassy has been coming to East Gloucester for some 20 years, which has become a fixture for its summer headquarters.

MANCHESTER

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac T. Mann of Washington, who recently purchased the Willet estate on the waterfront at Coolidge Point, Manchester, are now occupying the place for their first season. They will have as their guest during August, Miss Sidney

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The Dansants. Evening Entertainment. Dancing

Wednesday and Saturday Gala Nights

Webb of Washington, who, prior to her visit at the Mann cottage, will be the guest of Miss Natalie Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, at their summer place on Fresh Water Cove, Magnolia.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen S. Townsend, both of whom have been prominent in the musical life of Boston, are at the Brownland Cottages at Manchester and next month will go to the mountains, where they have leased a summer home, and which they plan to keep open for the winter for occasional visits.

Mrs. Giuseppe Brambilla of Rome, Italy, is to pay a visit to her mother, Mrs. George von L. Meyer, at her home at Hamilton, about the middle of August. It will be her first visit to this country since she and her husband sailed for Italy two years ago, following their marriage. Mr. Brambilla recently received an appointment to England as counsellor from Italy.

MEMO OF BOSTON FACTS.

Did you know that descendants of Lady Godiva, the heroine of the Coventry horse show, live in Boston? That the New England descendant of Lady Godiva and her brutal husband, Earl Leofric of Mercia, was born on one of our harbor islands? That the line merged with the Winthrops, through marriage, and today Boston has people who may truthfully call the saintly Godiva a grandmother, many times back? The family which brought her blood here was that of Sir Thomas Temple, friend of the colonists, who often won King Charles to kindly acts, and who bought Deer Island in 1662.

D. Chauncey Brewer and family, old Bass Rockers, are again established in "Tanglemoor," near Little Good Harbor road.

Asa E. Phillips and family of Washington have the Whittemore cottage, Decatur street.

W. A. C. Miller is an addition to the numerous contingent who make Bass Rocks their summer home. The family is occupying the Roland Sherman cottage.



LUFKIN'S SODA SPA.

A new and one of the finest appointed soda fountain establishments on the North Shore has been opened by Fred Lufkin near the Belmont Hotel, Main street. Nothing has been spared to make it attractive. The interior fittings are in mahogany and of pleasing and artistic design. Everything pertaining to the place is first class and it promises to take a position as one of the leading establishments of its kind.

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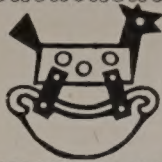
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THE BARNACLE - Annisquam



The Barnacle opens at 10.30 A.M., every day except Sunday

New York Bar Harbor
MAGNOLIA
Lexington Avenue



To My Lady in Search of the Artistic



MURAL DECORATIONS.

Artist at Annisquam Chooses Local Historical Theme to Embellish Walls of Chamber—Stirring Tale of Piracy of the Early Days.

A rather novel idea in mural decorations has been evolved by Mrs. Alfred G. Mayor, born Harriet Hyatt, of "Seven Acres," Annisquam.

About 35 years ago the late Prof. Alpheus Hyatt came to Annisquam and bought the Norwood estate, a fine old place typically New England, the home of a man of affairs.

The Norwoods, by the way, were folk of quality. Francis, the progenitor of the name in this country, fled from England at the time of the Restoration of Charles II to escape the kingly wrath and settled in 1663 on the land, a part of which is now Seven Acres. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Clement Coldom. But that is beside the present story.

Mrs. Mayor, who is an artist of no mean ability, as well as her distinguished sister, Anna Vaughn Hyatt, sought a means of brightening up one of the old chambers of the house.

It occurred to her that a mural or wall painting of some historical incident more especially connected with the history of Annisquam would be the thing.

So she read up on local historical matter and came upon a pirate story which furnished the necessary motif—one with a real Stevenson flavor, a "three dead men and a bottle of rum, yo ho" yarn.

It concerned one Phillips and a piratical gang which infested the coast of New England and his undoing by Andrew Harraden. This Harraden, by the way, was the ancestor of Jonathan Harraden, the sailing master of the Constitution in her famous sea fights—the one who rope-ended his men to make them work ship during a gale off Thacher's island.

This Phillips story is worth digging up and relating for it was quite a stunt in its way.

In 1723 and 1724 a gang of marine freebooters under command of the notorious John Phillips infested the New England seacoast. These were the days when Capt. Kidd and his kind sailed the Spanish main with the Jolly Roger flying at the masthead, scuttling their prizes and making their victims walk the plank. England eventually put an end to that sort of freedom of the sea.

Phillips made the New England coast his bailiwick and during his first season's cruise captured 34 vessels. Some of the crews they killed, others they maltreated and looted their vessels.

In the Spring of 1724 the sloop Squirrel of Annisquam, commanded by Andrew Harraden, set sail for the fishing grounds. The Squirrel had been launched unfinished and carried shipwright's tools to complete the job in spare hours at sea.

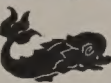
Phillips' craft bore down upon them, captured the craft and made the crew prisoners. Capt. Harraden and his men were forced to work completing the unfinished vessel. One of the captured men, Edward Cheeseman, planned a recapture. So one night during a lively breeze when the vessel was bowling through the water at a merry clip and the pirates had imbibed too deeply of some captured brandy the signal was given. Cheeseman seized John Nott, one of the pirate chiefs who happened to be on deck, and threw him overboard. At the same time Harraden dispatched Phillips with a blow from an adze. James Sparks, gunner of the pirate crew, suffered a similar fate, while Burrell, the boatswain, was dispatched with a broadsword. Rather gruesome work. The rest of the crew had been forced into this life of marauding and were easily dealt with.

Those were the days of two-handed, red-blooded men. So Capt. Harraden, that their fate might furnish an example to others, beheaded Phillips and Burrell and affixed their heads to the masthead after the custom of the times. With these trophies he sailed home into Annisquam harbor. The prisoners were brought to Boston and, with the exception of four, acquitted on the ground that they had been forced

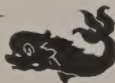
against their will into the life. John Rose Archer, William White, William Taylor and William Phillips were found guilty of piracy. Archer and White were hanged at Charlestown ferry and it was a great occasion, largely attended. White's body was suspended in chains for a year on Bird island. Taylor and Phillips were recommended to the King's mercy and reprieved for a year.

There was an island in the Annisquam river called Hangman's island and on this the bodies of two of the pirates were suspended from gibbets. When the railroad was built it was covered by the embankment for the bridge. In recognition of their great work in breaking up this gang the General court granted Harraden, Cheeseman and Philmore, the three principals, £42 and £32 each to five others of the crew.

So with this wealth of incident and action, sufficient at this day for a five-reel thriller, Mrs. Mayor has selected the homecoming of Capt. Harraden with the heads impaled at the masthead as her theme. To those who have the good fortune to occupy this apartment for a night or more the picture may be conducive to thoughts other than repose.



THE DORY.



By Natalie Hays Hammond.

When one thinks of a dory, it is always a medium-sized white boat, and we invariably connect it with a summer resort. It is quite natural to do so, for where there is a bathing beach, there is a life boat. In other words, an amateur life boat in the shape of a plain white dory.

Why, dories are the most important factors of your summer vacation, for if you seek the water's edge, it is high impossible to live without one. Therefore, just to show you that the uses of a dory are far from limited, and that its experiences are many, I am going to name a few.

First, there is that same white dory at summer resorts. Pulled way up on the beach, high and dry, where some playful papa can turn it over, and make a tent for the children out of it. There is also the old couple, taking a well-earned rest, who seek its shelter from the blazing sun. Then there is that young pair who find the hotel windows (especially mama's) unfortunately near, and find the dory a friendly shield from those same windows. But who ever heard of a dory with two heads growing out of it? Surely it is unfortunate that it isn't a few inches higher, or the heads a few inches lower.

Still, let it be, they are content.

There must not be forgotten the dainty, sylph-like creature in a red bathing suit, and green cap, who sits with her face in careful profile, hoping that some one will look her way. How stupid of that elderly diplomat not to notice that the white dory, the red suit, and the green cap, make the Italian colors.

"Vell, but Rachel, vat vill ve do vit de children?" Off on his vacation, the Jew shopkeeper consults loudly with his wife as to the merits of a gentle row, or a walk along the beach—he, wanting to show off his oarsmanship, and she, her new "Tecas."

But why not take the children?

"Oh, never. Chony has chust eatun chocolate cake and had a bottle of grape chauce, and Rebecca is always sick, anyway, and she might spoil mama's new bargain."

Ah, but have we ignored that proud, bronzed idol, in his black and orange bathing suit? There he stands, for all the beach to admire his manly beauty. While, near-sighted Mrs. Sloan asks her husband where that nigger woman came from.

So, here is the dory launched again, and the orange idol standing uncertainly in the middle of it, waving a nervous hand to the beach, but especially to Annie, the nursery maid of the Jones' (rich New Yorkers, I hear).

And then he seizes an oar, and pushes off. Alas, fair Apollo, you are off on the rolling deep, and as he hears some cheap

tenor sing that song, he could swear that the roll increases.

But here is the dory in its element, and it dances a jig for pure happiness, while somewhere the black and orange bathing suit is curled under the seat. And when he makes his unmagnificent landing, there is Annie, with tears in her eyes, watching them bring him ashore. But to this day he has not been able to ascertain whether they were tears of sorrow, or otherwise, and it doesn't matter much, since she has married the life guard who brought him in.

So, the dear old dory has contrived to prosper one romance, in spite of mama, and ruin another, in spite of a black and orange bathing suit.

Such are the experiences and uses of the summer resort dory. Then cast your eyes upon the fishing dory.

It is drawn up out of the range of the tide, on a pebbly beach, and conveniently near the cottage for Freddie to play pirate. Ugly, dingy, battered, and colorless, it still is an indispensable member of the fishing fleet. At least Sadie thinks so, as she lays the mutilated mass of wax, which she calls a doll, down on it. To that doll it is both bed and home, for in the warm summer afternoons (when the sun is not too warm to melt the wax) Sadie puts her miniature pet to sleep on the wooden seat, and, sitting down on the edge of the boat herself, waits patiently while her doll takes her siesta. And the nights when it is too warm in the cottage, the doll, stifled in clothes, is carefully put to sleep in the prow of the boat, where she won't melt, and where she will get the fresh salt air. But it is not only Sadie who loves the dory. Many are the mornings when Gran'ma takes her knitting and a pan of potatoes to peel, and sits in the dory while she works.

And, when the women have gone, Freddie, the desperado and pirate, captures the ship. With his Gran'ma's black shawl and a wooden sword, he looks just like a Captain Kidd (and in fact you would be convinced that he was an old sea captain, if you heard him shout his commands), shouting and swearing (just as he has heard his father curse) and his father is captain of a great big fishing schooner.

And there is also a romance connected with that dory. When Freddie's father was a little boy, he used to go out rowing in that dory. He used to picnic in it, and fish in it, and once Freddie's mother went out rowing with him.

"But we were only kids then, weren't we, dear?"

"Lord, yes, Ben. And you no higher than Freddie, there."

"Yes, but I was allus a smart youngster."

"Sure, Ben, and you're all right now."

"You make me blush, girl."

And outside, sitting in the dory, Gran'ma is peeling potatoes.

"It's mighty cold, these nights, Ben."

"And there ain't no coal or wood to be had, Sall."

"I ain't complainin', Ben. Only, there's little Hanna freezin' in 'er cot."

"Yes."

"Ben. It looks as if we'd have to take the dory."

"Sall, you forget."

"Ben, what about Hanna?"

"Sally, I'll go out into the shed and get my axe. Hanna must not be cold."

"And the poor old dory must go."

So, the dory has long since gone, and Gran'ma has taken her seat (and let us hope it's more comfortable) at the table of her forefathers. And Freddie is no longer a pirate, but a real sea captain, and Sadie's doll is real.



THE PLAYHOUSE-ON-THE-MOORS.

The initial performance of the season at the Playhouse-on-the-Moors occurred Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. An audience, limited only by the size of the playhouse, has greeted the performers each evening, the tickets for all performances having been all sold out long before the first night.

The plays presented included "The Sweetmeat Game," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell; "The Twelve Pound Look," by James M. Barrie, and "A Fliche of Bacon."

All the actors showed evidence of hard and careful preparation for their parts and were rewarded by sincere applause.

The curtain raiser was a Chinese playlet, "The Sweetmeat Game," the cast including Yiong-Yueng, "Live Forever," a merchant, Charles Edwards; San Chi, "Beautiful Bird," his blind son, Hyatt Mayor; Woo-Liu-Mai, "Sweet Smelling Flower," his second wife, Virginia Smith; A White Devil, a New Year's reveler, Hobart Nichols.

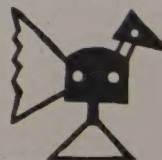
The scene was Chinatown, San Francisco; living room in the dwelling of Yiong-Yueng in Dupont street, San Francisco's Chinese quarter; the time, an evening of the New Year. The playlet was well staged and well produced.

Anything from the pen of J. M. Barrie is bound to attract attention, and the shifting of the scene from the hyperexotic touch of the Chinese quarter to a wholesome, normal England was received with welcome.

The piece was "The Twelve Pound Look," a charming bit of Barrie. The delightful cast included Lady Sims, Mrs. J. Fletcher Burnham; Sir Harry Sims, Thomas Crosby; Tombs, the butler, Harold S. Maddocks; Kate (a typist), Anna W. Hosford. The scene was in a room in Sir Harry's house. Directed by Mr. Crosby with costumes by Mrs. Hinchman.

"A Fliche of Bacon," an 18th Century Comedy, had the true old English flavor, with country squires in red coats riding to hounds, baronial halls, broad fireplaces, tenantry, bumpers of ale and all the accessories—always dramatic and of absorbing interest to democratic Americans. This play was presented by a distinctive cast. The cast: The Country Squire, Charles Edward; Dick, the squire's nephew, Allen M. Varney; Lucas, an old retainer, Edmund Quiney; Adam, a young husband, Edward Massey; Susan, a young wife, Madeline Laurent; Jack and Hal, comrades of the Lichfield hunt, James Shute and Carl Nordell. The time—night of the Lichfield Hunt; place—hall of Lichfield Manor. The scenery, representative of the English countryside, was designed by Miss Conant; the production was directed by Miss Florence Cunningham; the technical director was Miss Lucy Conant; the costumes were by Miss Conant; the stagecraft by C. Russell Hinchman.

Altogether the season started in most successfully. In addition to the performers, those behind the scenes responsible for the smoothness with which each production passed off included: C. Russell Hinchman, who constructed the scenic sets; William E. Atwood, in charge of the lights; Mrs. Russell Hinchman, in charge of the costumes; Miss Abby Merchant, in charge of the make-ups; and Miss Florence Cunningham's effective coaching.



THE NORTH SHORE THEATRE.

One of the institutions of the city which has commended itself to the summer residents of the city is the North Shore Theatre, which is pronounced one of the finest theatres for a city of this size on the entire circuit. Nothing that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the patrons has been overlooked by Manager Kincaid.

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The Cape Ann Shore?



IPSWICH FETE.

The Market Garden and Water Fete held at the Barnard Gardens, County road, Ipswich, Saturday afternoon, in aid of the Benjamin Stickney Cable Memorial Hospital, was attended by a large number, among them being many prominent North Shore summer residents. The gardens are famous along the North Shore for their beauty. The fete was given under the direction of a committee of which Mrs. John A. Tuckerman of Hamilton was chairman, assisted by a number of well known summer residents. The program included dancing, whippet races, water sports, grabs, bridge, side shows, singing, entertainments, afternoon tea and music. The Salem Cadet Band and the Ipswich Mills Band played. One of the features of the program was the motion picture of the Myopia Hunt, contributed by Miss Helen Frick of Pride's Crossing. Another feature was the fortune-telling booth conducted by Miss Davidson of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Tappan and Mrs. Parsons of Gloucester. They were assisted by several Italian boys in native costume. The entertainment, "The Toys' Holiday," was given by a number of children under the direction of Mrs. Roger S. Warner and Mrs.

Langdon Warner. The parts of the toys were taken by children. The parts of the "grown-ups" were taken by Mrs. Langdon Warner and Miss Julia Doughty. The whippet races were under the direction of Mrs. Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., of Hamilton and Miss Alice Thondike was in charge of the water sports.

MANCHESTER

Their children arrived early in the season to be near their aunt, Mrs. Samuel Elliott. Mrs. Bradley, their grandmother, will also be with the children.

The Waller cottage at Coolidge Point, Manchester, will be occupied by the W. J. Bowdoin of Baltimore, who will arrive next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merriman of the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, have arrived at their summer home, West Manchester.

Eugene Gray Foster and family of 175 West 72d street, New York City, are settled at their summer home, Crown-cliff, on Coolidge Point.

Fire in the frame garage on the Shuman estate, off Ober street, occupied by Paul Watkins of Winona, Mich., caused a loss to one large automobile and a section of the garage to the amount of \$4000 Saturday afternoon. The front part of the garage was badly damaged, but the firemen succeeded in checking the fire before spread through the building.

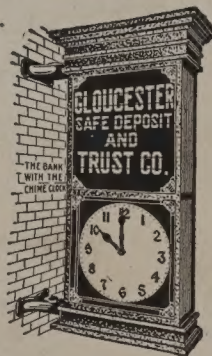
Every cottage on Grape Island is occupied and more guests are registered at the hotel than ever before at a corresponding time.

C. E. FISHER, President

GEORGE H. PERKINS, Vice-President

ISAAC PATCH, Vice-President

HORACE A. SMITH, Treasurer



CAPITAL, \$200,000

SURPLUS, \$300,000

TOTAL RESOURCES, \$4,000,000

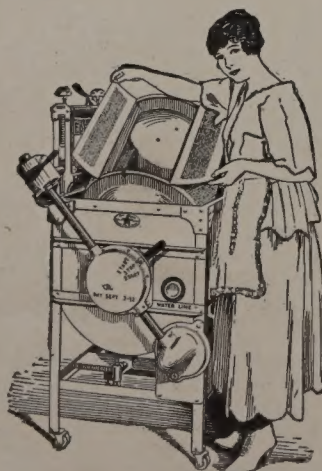
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